

WEEK ENDING MAY 30, 1914

PRICE TEN CENTS

# Puck



BOILING OVER



THERE'S NO RETREAT

PAINTED BY MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL

# Puck's Page

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Editor, HY MAYER  
General Manager, FOSTER GILROY  
Literary Editor, A. H. FOLWELL  
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## NEXT WEEK

FOR an American humorous weekly to pass the baseball season without some special attention would be an unfor-giveable sin in the eyes of some thousands of fans; so this, then, is to announce PUCK's Baseball Extra next week. Maybe you think the great national sport is a very serious pastime, indulged in by gentlemen who draw \$18,000 a year to chase a leather-covered yarn ball all over a ten-acre lot. Well, you're wrong; for PUCK's humorists have found no end of fun in it, and at least two color plates in this number will be worth putting away with your memories of the diamond—Nelson Greene's cover and "Casey at the Bat in 1925." Hy Mayer, as usual, has a double color page next week. This time he has selected an entirely new subject, "The Gentleman Farmer," and his treatment will strike a responsive chord in the heart of every reader who knows the difference between a hoe and a harrow—and some who don't. PUCK's international reputation is maintained by a striking color page by Webster, one of England's favorites.

## AN "OLD-TIMER" SPEAKS

ONCE in so often there drifts into the sanctum a note of encouragement from some reader who has watched PUCK through three decades, and it is such a letter which we quote below. The writer, by the way, is known to every newspaper and advertising man in the United States, so that his sentiment is, indeed, praise from Sir Hubert.

"Say, young PUCK, friend of my adolescence, I rejoice in your rejuvenation! The little fat rascal has vanished from the vignette—growing a gallic beard, perhaps—while he oversees the family studio. But he is making a new order of things, and from the chromatic cartoon of the tattooed politician he has evolved the clear limned caricature of the contemporary extremist. From the fascinating Barribalian confection on the front cover to the feminist slaughter of ancient art on the back, the pages reek with wit and humor. The art is alluring, the phrase engaging. The new PUCK has a punch brewed by experts."

## THE REWARDS OF HUMOR

OUR learned Ambassador to the Court of St. James is quoted as saying that literature holds out little hope for the aspiring (or shall we say expiring) genius of the pen. Mr. Page has arrived at his state in the world by the fruits of authorship, and he ought to know; but PUCK takes issue with him on the rewards of scribbling as it is practiced to-day. The up-to-the-minute writer is more often than not a shrewd financier. PUCK ought to know, because we are just now paying the highest prices, in our forty years of publishing, for acceptable humor in text or picture. Yes; even the down-trodden artist has come into his own, and his work, if it measures up to PUCK's standard, commands a rate which a few years ago would have seemed beyond the dreams of avarice. The funny part of it all is, PUCK is tickled to death to pay the piper, if it can have the piper's best tune.

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NOW that the golf season is in full swing, we feel justified in pressing to your attention the sometimes serious, often humorous, and always readable Golf Idiot. This department, in the hands of Mr. P. A. Vaile, the celebrated Australian authority, has won a flattering degree of recognition not only here but abroad. His advice is sound, practicable and easily followed. A professional would charge you \$2.00 for the identical golf lore that PUCK supplies at 10 cents. If you do not play yourself, call the attention of your enthusiastic golfing friends to this department. They will thank you.

## GOLF

FROM a JOURNALIST-TO-BE

FROM the Columbia School of Journalism, where the public taste is being measured with the yard-stick of long experience, comes another cheerful letter.

"I think," writes our correspondent, "that you have now the breeziest, sanest, most entertaining humorous weekly in the country. The rhymed reviews of the news, the virile, cheery editorials, the 'clean' humor, free from all prejudice and bigotry, and the general spirit of the magazine are delightful and praiseworthy features. One feels the new editorship and management of PUCK in its fresh and invigorating contents, especially in the original and beautiful colored cartoons."

## A WORD FROM "THE STREET"

WALL STREET has gone through some distressing periods, and it is quick to appreciate broad-mindedness on the part of any periodical attempting to chronicle its activities.

"Please accept my congratulations," writes one of the governors of the Exchange, "on your new column, which I have already shown to many members of the Stock Exchange. We are glad to feel that in future we are to count you among our friends, who, I am glad to say, are legion."

PUCK knows they are legion, and deems it part of its constructive policy to bolster up rather than tear down. We have had quite enough destruction—a surfeit of muck-raking.

WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE



THE REAL AMMUNITION



## "What Fools these Mortals Be!"

VOL. LXXV. No. 1943. WEEK ENDING MAY 30, 1914

*Established, 1877. Puck is the oldest humorous publication in America — and the newest*

### MEMORIAL DAY — WHAT DOES IT SUGGEST?

the departed heroes. But can it not properly suggest something more useful, more constructive, more lasting — something that will more gloriously honor the memory of the dead?

We reverence those who have died in warfare just as we reverence the men of all ages who gave their lives for a principle, whether that principle was represented by their country or by their creed. But because we reverence the martyrs who died for their belief, we do not think it incumbent upon us to perpetuate the intolerance or oppression that caused their martyrdom. In like manner, because we admire those who died in warfare we should not perpetuate but eliminate war. Our best honor to the departed heroes would be to prevent in future the needless sacrifice of their spiritual descendants. If our grief for our departed dead is sincere, we can best demonstrate it to others and consecrate it for ourselves by doing something definite, so that in future the country will be spared a similar loss.

Shall we disband the Army and Navy? No. But let us turn their youthful enthusiasm as individuals, and trained forces as a unit, into other channels than the infliction of misery, suffering, and death. Let us render the military uniform not a symbol of destruction but of construction; not a symbol of death, but of life. How? By changing the Army of War into an Army of Peace.

An Army of physically and mentally trained men for the study and solution of our national problems — the problems of engineering, sanitation, and achievement — will be the Army of the Future. This Army will have a regiment of sanitation engineers to combat the enemies of dirt and disease. A regiment of scientific agriculturists will subdue the enemy of drought. A regiment of civil engineers will drain swamps and win back soil from the sea, will render waste lands productive, and instead of causing death will bring new life into the country. Wherever trained minds and drilled hands are needed for the solution of a great national problem, there the Army will be.

Will martial music and flying banners stir us less when our sons and brothers go forth as bearers of happiness and health than when they go, as at present, to sow and to reap suffering and misery? Will the uniform be less glorious when it stands for prosperity and peace instead of adversity and death?

Puck thinks that America will point the way to true civilization, not by advocating national disarmament, but by directing the activities of the

Puck



Army and Navy into wiser channels. America will in the near future commemorate the greatest of its Memorial Days by making the Army of War into an Army of Peace.

Sometimes it takes more courage to keep out of a fight than it does to rush into one. The Jingo doesn't see it in that light, but, whether he knows it or not, the average Jingo is a pretty poor sort of patriot. He believes in leaping first and looking afterward, and if those who are weighted with responsibility seek to look before making their country leap, the Jingo's favorite shriek is "Cowards!" Once the nation is en-

gaged in a war, the Jingo changes his cry to "On to Somewhere!" He chafes at what he deems delay and is merciless in his criticism of those who bear the burdens. The Jingo is keen about "national honor," but he walks around the block to avoid a recruiting station. He speaks of the Army as "we" and he stands on the curb and valiantly cheers when the Flag goes by to the front—in somebody else's hands. He is the man behind the gun—a long way behind.

Mount Etna, which is never at rest, might be called the Theodore Roosevelt of topography.



DRAWN BY NELSON GREENE

A STATUE OF LIBERTY FOR JINGOES



## A PRAYER

Dear Lawd, wid all Yo' righteousness  
I's tried ter keep in touch;  
I's tried ter walk De Narrer Way  
'Dhout bodderin' Yo' too much;  
I's tried ter make mah prayers t' Yo'  
All praise an' t'ankfulness  
Fo' any'ting Yo' please t' gin—  
Mah needs Yo' knows de bes'.  
But dis dahk day I's callin', Lawd—  
I feels, de way t'ings be,  
I bes' ter ast Yo' special, Lawd,  
Ter keep Yo' han' on me.

Yo' sees mah care o' dese po' lam's—  
Dese lam's what's Yo's an' mine—  
Li'l Rosie doan' git better, dho'  
I's gin her turpentine;  
An' yistiddy de doctor come  
An' what he say, Good Lawd,  
Is dat she needin' bad some t'ings  
I nohow cain't affo'd.  
I sho' does wan' ter serve Yo', Lawd,  
An' trus' Yo' mercy free—  
But oh, dis day I special prays  
Yo' keep Yo' han' on me!

I knows whar deh's a pocketbook—  
De folks dey's putty mean—  
An' dis mah weekly day ter go  
Up dar t' scrub an' clean.  
I'se gwine ter see a wicked soul  
Rest 'roun' in silk an' lace,  
Wid useless gold an' siller  
Lyn' reckless 'bout dat place—  
De sad eyes o' mah suff'rin' lamb  
All day I's gwine ter see—  
Da's why, O Lawd, I special prays  
Yo' keep Yo' han' on me!

## THE CHAP WHO WAS WISE

Once upon a Time there were Two Young Men who started in Business with the same Firm. One of them (Arthur) was Earnest, Honest,

Industrious and Frugal. He saved his Money, went out Very Little, and tended to his Job with great Loyalty. His Boss found him a Great Help and raised his Pay from time to time—when ever the Young Man threatened to Quit unless he received a Raise.

The other Young Man was a Gay Dog. He did not do any more Work than was really Necessary to hold down his Place, and the Number and Variety and Ingenuity of the Excuses he found for being late or absent were Remarkable. He never was known to work after Office Hours, and he spent his Nights in roistering about Town with a lot of Other Young Men who should know better. His Boss was somewhat Disgusted with him and often considered firing Him, but was always deterred by the Fact that the Wild Young Man had an engaging Manner and a Good Line of Talk.



Things came to such a Pass, however, that the Boss finally decided that the Canning must be done. Therefore, he called the Young Man into his Office.

"Howard," he said, "you have been neglecting your Work for the Great White Way. I called you in here to—"

"Just a Minute, just a Minute, sir," said the Young Man, "before you continue. I wanted to remark that you're looking very Fresh and Chipper this Morning in spite of the long Session you had last Night when you dropped that One Thousand Dollars on the Tables at McGowan's Place. I often wonder how you stand the Pace. It does me all up to go to all-night Dances like that masquerade you went to Thursday, but you seem not at all Bothered. By the Way, that was some Chicken you had with you—introduce me sometime, will you? Now, what was it you started to say?"

"Oh," said the Boss, choking a little, "I thought I'd offer you that Job on the Road I've been considering you and Arthur for. Your Acquaintance with Human Nature gained in your jaunts about Town will fit you for the Place better than the more routine virtues of the other Chap. The Salary will be fifty dollars

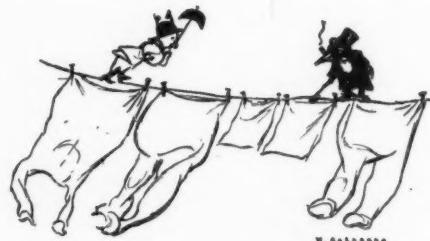
a Week and Expenses. I trust you will see your Way Clear to accept."

"Thanks," said the Gay Dog, "I will. Did you say fifty a week or sixty? You ought to pay pretty well for that Job, you know. Business must be mighty good to stand a Dinner like that little one you gave at Chianti's last Week with the Chorus Dames and—"

"Yes, I said Sixty," replied the Boss.

MORAL: Be On!

When a woman says no one understands her the insinuation is that she's found an exception.



ON THE GREAT WHITE WAY

## IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR

*An Unspoken Monologue by  
a Nervous Patient*

"Now, first of all, I must relax. The trouble with me is that I keep myself keyed up at too high a tension when I'm here. My nerves are like piano wires, so it's no wonder that I feel every little pain intensely. I must try to be like that woman I heard of once, who made all her plans in a dentist's chair—who forgot all about the dentist, and simply concentrated her mind on what she wanted to do for the rest of the week. At all events I must *not* keep thinking of what he's going to do to me next, or whether it will hurt or not.

"I know what I'll do. I'll watch the clouds. There's a lot of them in the sky to-day, big white ones, and I'll just concentrate as hard as I can on clouds. I can see them perfectly here, with my head tilted back, as they come up over the roofs of the houses on the next street. I'm glad I'm so near the window. There! That's an awfully cute little cloud coming up over the roofs now. And how fast it's moving! It looks just like—just like—Oh! he's going to put a napkin in my mouth!

"I don't think I'll look at the clouds any more. The sky is so glaring to-day, it is trying on the eyes. I guess I'll shut my eyes and relax completely. I'll think about those dress patterns I got down-town yesterday, and try to make up my



TOURISTS IN THE ALPS

mind. Oh, gracious! He's going to use that buzzer; I can hear it whirring. Oh, how I detest that thing. Every second I think it is going to strike a nerve. There I go! Holding myself at a tension again. I *must* relax, and then if it hurts it'll be over before I've got a chance to mind it. But I simply can't think of those samples. I couldn't make up my mind here if I never had another dress so long as I lived. I'll keep my eyes on the border of the wallpaper and try to count the roses.

"Really, it's a very pretty pattern. I'll just imagine those are paths, and that I'm up there walking in and out among the flowers. I always liked to walk—Oh, goodness, he's going to extract the nerve! That's what he was drilling for, to open up the root! He said he thought the nerve was dead, but if it isn't, it will hurt something terrible. I know it will, because it always does. Grace once had a nerve break, or something, and her dentist had to take it out in little pieces before he could fill the tooth; and he had to fish around in the nerve cavity to make sure all the pieces were out. There I go; clinching the arms of the chair like grim death; but I can't help it. Oh, see that pretty cloud! I'll try to—Oh, I can't look at the clouds! If he hurts me, I'll scream! I just know I shall! And I'll bite his hand! I just can't help it. I know he thinks I'm a fool, but—Ahwr! Ahwr! Oh, thank goodness, it didn't hurt! And he says the nerve is dead! Now, I can relax."



OVER THE JUMPS

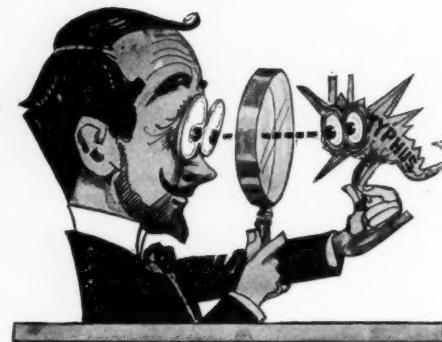
DRAWN BY HEINRICH KLEY

Puck



## The News in Rime

The Bell that pealed for Liberty  
Has hatched a new hiatus;  
The thought of spanking Mexico  
Somehow does not elate us.  
The well-known H<sub>2</sub>O received  
The racing yacht Defiance;  
A chap named Brown  
Flew o'er the town,  
And golf is now a science.



The arid Prohibition Bill  
Is facing heavy weather;  
Hen. Siegel pranced to Europe on  
His lightsome legal tether.  
A million dollar string of pearls  
Was made in London, comma—  
Miss G. Deslys  
Has gone, ah oui!  
Which desolates the drama.



Panc. Villa's copyrighted war  
Is now a movie drammer;  
The kindly English cops released  
The Lady of the Hammer.  
The nature-loving artist chaps  
Are packing up their easles;  
Eugenio food  
Is mostly stewed,  
And Brooklyn has the measles.

The Colorado Senators  
Are busy with a strike probe;  
A young bacteriologist  
Has found a brand-new microbe.  
King George incurred the literature  
Of frenzied, female Britain;  
The Brooklyn Fed.  
Must toil for bread,  
And Funston's tired of sittin'.



An earthquake jostled Sicily,  
The celebrated Island;  
The swatting army made an armed  
Invasion into flyland.  
Rich. Davis, of the twelve-inch pen,  
Was slightly jailed while scouting;  
A strange disease  
Struck Britain's bees,  
And Huerta planned an outing.

Mt. Holyoke's Ladies' College canned  
The course on Higher Dusting;  
Doc. Cook believes our Teddy's tale  
(The Doc's so very trusting!)  
King Manuel's domestic gloom  
Has caused the gossips pleasure;  
Miss Fuller's dance  
Was cheered in France,  
And Cobb is still a treasure.



Sir La Follette uncorked a speech  
That cost twelve thousand dollars.  
Vern. Castle planned a dancing bee  
For all his agile scholars.  
The Kaiser will no liquor quaff—  
Not even in a wee dose;  
The Mask and Wig  
Did quite a jig,  
And thus to our exidos.\*

\*Mexican stuff. Very timely.

F. Dana Burnet.



## IN HIGH SOCIETY

DRAWN BY GORDON GRANT

LITTLE MISS BLASE: I just love your Grandmother. She is a perfect old darling.  
 LITTLE MISS WAYUPP: Yes, but so old-fashioned. She says Grandpa never hired a detective to watch her in his life.

## THE PROPOSAL

He had no intention at all to propose;  
 But the tender light of the stars was shed,  
 The garden breathed with the scent of the rose,  
 And the night-bird sang — and he lost his head.

It's apt to happen that way, you know,  
 When the moon is bright and the girl is fair,  
 And the whippoorwill calls and the roses throw  
 Their fragrance sweet on the evening air.

He knew that he wasn't in love with her.  
 He liked them slender, and she was stout;  
 But the spell of night made his pulses stir,  
 And, ere he could stop them, the words were out.

Then he groaned within in a keen distress,  
 And the cold chills traveled along his frame;  
 For he knew full well she would answer "Yes,"  
 And he held his breath till the answer came.

But the word was "No," and he thrilled with bliss  
 Till he stopped to think she had spurned his plea;  
 And ever since then — will you solve me this? —  
 He has wanted but her ardently.

## AN ABLE ESCULAPIAN

"Dat new-come yallah doctah sho' done wondahs for muh wife!" triumphantly related Brother Stookey. "De lady was allus mowlin' and mopin' 'round, complainin' she was sick — all 'magination, sah; dess 'magination. Uh-well, de doctah done give her six doses o' medicine, and now, bless goodness, she's sho'-nuff sick!"



## OUTDOOR SPORT

"Say, Katie, let's see which of the kids can yell the loudest!"

Puck



## THE MYSTERY OF GOLF

There is no mystery about golf. So far as I am concerned, it is like the historic apple core. "There ain't going to be no—mystery."



James Sherlock, best professional golfer-author, says that there seems to be a gigantic conspiracy to make out that the game is more difficult than it really is. Be that as it may, my review of the book called "The Mystery of Golf," brought to my notice Mr. Max Behr. Shortly afterwards he became editor of the "Golf Magazine"; and it appeared that he had fallen in love with Mr. Arnold Haultain because Mr. Arnold Haultain had made one of the greatest discoveries in the history of golf. Mr. Haultain found out (how the devil he did it, nobody knows) that at the top of the golf swing one's spine rotates on the top of the right thigh bone, and at the finish of the golf swing; it rotates on top of the left thigh bone!

Most people who are ignorant of anatomy have an idea that the spine is attached to the pelvic bone, and is immovable at its base; but Mr. Haultain found out the wonderful things that some golfers do with their spines, and straightway Mr. Behr fell down and hailed Mr. Haultain because he had discovered the saltatory spine of golf. Now, to me, the only mystery of golf in this business was how any sane man—expecting golfers to take him seriously—could take this book seriously; but evidently Mr. Behr did, and somewhere, somehow, somehow, I am going to put it up to Mr. Behr to show for the benefit of golfers exactly how the rotating saltatory spine dodges the os sacrum, and steeplechases the pelvic bone in its mad jump from femur to femur. I shall shortly have an opportunity, I believe, for Mr. Behr is now associated with another mystery; at least it has been a mystery to me for several weeks past—and that is the mystery of "Golf Illustrated and Outdoor America."

I want to say, "right here," that this is not any attempt to pull off on Mr. Behr's paper the old gag of "Who is this man?" That would be beneath contempt. Also, I knew quite well that Mr. Behr had published, or was about to publish, edit, or otherwise identify himself with the new golf periodical. So for three weeks past I have endeavored to solve the mystery of what it was,



"HOLD HIM DOWN"

## PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

P. A. Vaile, Keeper



The Idiot has taken a holiday this week. He asked Mr. Vaile to fill his place for him. This accounts for what may be termed the duality of the individuality of this week's contribution.

If any reader of Puck can show that the Idiot is wrong, he will receive from Puck the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and the Golf Idiot will go without salary for that week.

Address PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT, Puck, 301 Lafayette Street, N. Y. All letters, to receive consideration, must be signed with full name and address.

Letters received by Puck's Golf Idiot will be considered his property, for publication or other use as he may see fit. \$100.00 for the FIRST letter each week PROVING HIM WRONG.

and where it was, and how it was. I tried every bookstall I came across, and they knew it not. I asked booksellers for it, and they had not heard of it. Finally, however, I ran it to earth at Brentano's, and to save time paid for a copy—loathsome idea, but fact; and now, on account of my ancient and honorable friendship with the aforesaid Mr. Max Behr, I feel it my duty to



THE ASCENDING STROKE

give this magazine of his some publicity, for as it lies before me it looketh well unto the eye, for which much credit must be given to Mr. T. M. Cleland, who designed the cover.

It is called "Golf Illustrated and Outdoor America." That's a big handicap to start with, and makes one feel as though the "Golf Illustrated" was mostly played indoors; but that's only by the way, because when you come to look into the magazine you find there is really very little golf, and no "Outdoor America."

The periodical contains articles by Jerome D. Traverson, Harold H. Hilton, John D. Anderson, A. C. M. Croome, Bernard Darwin, Horace G. Hutchinson, and others of less note. There is also a reproduction of Mr. Francis Ouimet's article in a recently published book called "Success in Golf," which I handled somewhat severely in these columns a few weeks ago.

I have run through this magazine fairly carefully, and I have come to the conclusion that it cannot stand on work of the nature it has produced. There is far too little golf in it. It is mostly golf gossip and personal anecdotes, and any magazine which produces that sort of stuff must of necessity find itself left stone cold by the dailies and the weeklies, if not by live monthly competitors.

There is only one way that a magazine such as this can succeed or be authoritative in the best sense of the word, and that is by giving its readers golf, and golf, and yet more golf. This is what is conspicuously lacking in the first number of the paper with the clumsiest title of any golf paper in the world.

It is, it seems to me, somewhat unfortunate that the title "Golf Illustrated" in very large letters, "and Outdoor America" in very small letters, should have been chosen, for there is a famous paper in London called "Golf Illustrated," and this must unquestionably lead to confusion. Let me give Mr. Behr a better name. Everything else is "gone," but what's wrong with "The Golf Review." That's the name Mr. Behr was looking for. He can't get anything to beat it.

I want to say, "right here," that I think well enough of the American golfer to believe thoroughly, as I always say, that he takes a most intelligent interest in his game, and is keen to know the why and the wherefore of the shots he makes. If this were not so, I do not think that the "Golf Magazine" would for three years have allowed me to write just exactly what I wanted, until Mr. Behr and the spectre of the saltatory spine crossed my path and slightly disturbed the serenity of things.

At the end of the magazine there is a little bit about "Success at Golf," in the nature of a review. This is written by the Hon. R. Weir, and it certainly is weird. In one place he says this book offers sound and solid explanation of the success achieved by noted players of the game, and in another place he says the push shot is well explained by George Duncan. This is the sort of stuff I cannot bear, even to please Mr. Behr, for it really is weird nonsense, because in his explanation of the push shot George Duncan says in one place that you must "pivot" and in the other that you "mustn't pivot;" so if one only adds to this the mystery of the rotating saltatory spine, which made such an impression on Mr. Behr, it will be obvious that any self-respecting golfer must accept at once the fact that this great, new, mysterious paper has to be accepted as the absolute authority of the game!

This Mr. Weir says in another place: "There is another omission in the book before us in the absence of any mention of the differences in conceptions of action between the perpendicular and the horizontal swing. Vardon, Duncan, and Braid are exemplars of the perpendicular swing."

This truly is weirder than the weirdest that one could expect of Mr. Weir. There is no such thing as a "perpendicular" swing in golf. Vardon and Duncan certainly are examples of what is commonly called "the upright swing," but to call it "perpendicular" is completely

(Continued on page 22)



BRAID'S SCYTHE STROKE



FOUND AT LAST

Puck

11



PAINTED BY LAWSON WOOD

LAND IN SIGHT



MILITARY TYPES -



MODE DE PARIS 1914



"DON'T GO CLARA!"



MAKING UP LIZZIE FOR THE DRESS PARADE.

"RIGHT DRESS" IS GREATLY  
FACILITATED WITH THE REGIMENTAL  
HAT-PIN.

THE BLUE AND TH

MILLINER

WHEN OUR NATIONAL GUARD



BLUE AND THE GRAY.



THE GUARD IS FEMINIZED

By HY MAYER



PAINTED BY E. M. ASHE

## THE POINTER

### BENEATH THE COCONUTS

Luxuriant palm fronds waved overhead, parrots chattered in the foliage, the heavy scent of tropical flowers filled the air.

Suddenly, without a sound, she swayed toward him.

Eagerly he bent his face, but, as if she had changed her mind, she turned slightly and averted her face, and he desisted.

Still neither of them spoke.

He kept his eyes fixed on her intently, and, though seemingly denying him her lips, she gave no word or sign to indicate that she found his fierce embrace unwelcome.

Then, without warning, she swayed again, closer, closer, closer . . . Just as their lips were about to touch she flung herself back, so that, if he had not had his arm about her, she must have fallen. For long he held her thus, looking down yearningly into her beautiful face.

Everybody voted them the most graceful hesitation dancers at Mrs. Hyphen-Dash's famous Jungle Ball.

### QUITE A LION

MADGE: I meet him every place I go. He seems to be invited everywhere.

MARJORIE: No wonder he's so popular. He always has a new dance step.

### PELLETS OF PESSIMISM

When you turn over a new leaf paste it down. Don't be a mattress for everybody to fall back on.

There is no law against being polite, even when you are not a candidate.

It may be worth while to hear both sides of everything except a bass drum.

When you disagree with a woman she thinks you have no sense, and when you agree with her she thinks you think she has no sense. And there you are!



Through Thick and Thin

### THE STILL SMALL VOICE

The youth in the Sunday-School library book was about to start on the downward path. He was weak, and temptation lured him. Of course, among other secret decisions, he had made up his mind to run away from home.

With his small belongings done up in a handkerchief—we never saw handkerchiefs that size, but we have read of them often in this connection—the boy crept quietly down the back stairs one night when the family were all asleep, and went off down the road.

He had gone but a few hundred feet from the gate when he heard a voice. He stopped in his tracks and listened. It seemed to be calling him. It was a still, small voice.

For a moment the boy hesitated, as if about ready to go back to the darkened house. Then, with a wild laugh, he continued on his way, no hesitation noticeable in his youthful stride.

"Bah!" he cried. "At first I thought it was conscience, and it rather floored me for the moment. All it could have been was a stray snatch of conversation from some long-distance wireless telephone."

**MORAL:** Conscience hasn't even a look-in these days.

We flatter only those whom we despise; admiration is always mute.

## MUSICAL PEOPLE

There are many kinds of musical people, and many grades of musical education. In these days when respect is given to the truly primitive, we might begin by mentioning the person who "just loves ragtime," who chews ragtime and lives a ragtime existence.

The syncopated soul of this species haunts the tango cabarets, and buds and blossoms mostly in the glare of Broadway. Next in order is the one who hums "Hearts and Flowers," "The Rosary," and other similar favorites. But leave them to their ignorance, and let us enter the ranks of the really musical people, the devotees of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," "Traumerei," Schumann's "Slumber Song," etc.

What has this group on the opera fiend though? The real Italian-Caruso-Sextette whistler! bis!-bis!-maestro!-maestro! kind! He knows what great music is, and the price each singer commands per night. His emotional musical temperament is as strong as garlic. Of course he disgusts the Wagner adherent, and is hissed down quite properly at every opportunity by this cream of the opera crowd—the soul enchanted, the glorified, the musically saturated Wagnerite.

Of course we speak of him not to the Chopin virtuoso. Long, lean, pale, eating of claire de lune, and exuding melancholy on the atmosphere. The lust of Chopin on the piano edges away from the candy box when this performer plays. Or speak of him not to the religious cantata fiend. This music lover with the great soaring soul that looks down from Handelian heights on the other little minions of the musical world. Bountiful of wind and voice he blows, but can he blow away the regular Carnegie Hall-Boston Symphony subscriber?

For now there is no doubt that we are in the know, the really knowing musical world. Beethoven, Brahms, the real classics and the real musical people are here. Except of course the



*The Chopin Temperament*



#### TRIALS OF A YACHTSMAN

"Yes, I'd just love to go sailing with you, but you must promise faithfully not to let the boat lean over!"

musical person who just dropped in with a friend, and watches with delight his neighbor weep while they play a merry theme of Schumann's that moves the hall to solemnity. He shall tell his Kneisel-Franzoley Quartette-Barrere Ensemble friends about it, and they shall snicker and look supremely wise until the new composition musical fiend, who has been unsuspectingly let into their midst, casually mentions a late work by Sibelius or Schoenberg. This last person—he knows—he knows. "Have you heard the new Max Reger sonata or the Lalo concerto?" Look out, or he'll wave his hands about and reproduce it like a full orchestra, using mouth, nose, and everything handy.

Oh it's great to be musical, and there are many kinds of musical people and each kind "knows what he likes." I am acquainted with a well-known man who plays the piano for a living. The other day I asked him what he liked best in music.

"The silences," he answered.

We sat for awhile, then I motioned for the waiter to set them up again.

#### NOTHING ON HER

MISS DE VERE: My portrait was painted by Sargent.

CLARIBEL CALCIUM: Huh! I was featured three years in the moving pictures.

The straight and narrow path seems to be used mostly for purposes of parade.

#### THE NEW CRY

"The king is dead, long live the king!" That cry once made the welkin ring; But in the present year of grace, When women mostly set the pace, This cry grows louder all the while: "The style is dead, long live the style!"

Some men are conceited, others are vain, and a few are able to strut sitting down.



#### THE LAST WORD

MAME: How do you like me new dress?  
HER FIANCÉ (who has worked at fashionable functions): Some stuff, kid! You couldn't be more immodest if you was well-bred.

## PLOTS OF THE MOTION PICTURES

*The Moonshiner's Daughter*

A Father and fellow distillers;  
His daughter, the titular part—  
The men being desperate killers,  
The girl with a tenderish heart.

One hero, U. S. secret service,  
Who, harking to duty's command,  
Courageous, intrepid, unnervous,  
Goes boldly to capture the band.

The meeting of hero and daughter  
(You know how those little things start)—  
He helps her to carry the water;  
Two lingering looks when they part.

But, ah! the distillers have seen him;  
Too well do they know why he's there;  
With malice aforethought they bean him,  
And drag him away to their lair.

"He's hep," remarks father, "that's certain;  
To-night he had better be shot."  
The girl, hiding back of the curtain,  
Eavesdrops the entire of the plot.

"That Night" runs the flickering leader;  
The film is a delicate blue—  
But need I relate, gentle reader,  
The rest to intelligent you?

She rescues him; one second later  
He certainly would have been dead.  
A sigh ripples through the theayter;  
His manly breast pillows her head.

The father, delightfully fickle,  
Turns back from the pathway of crime . . . .  
Some places it costs you a nickel,  
At others they soak you a dime.

G. S. K.

## VENUS MORE OR LESS

There is a time in the life of every woman when she sighs to be a Venus. She does not know precisely why she wants to be a Venus; or what she would do if she were a Venus; but in a vague way she probably thinks that it would have the happy effect of making her more desirable to the other sex. It goes without saying that this is an illusion. The other sex has a way of passing beauty—not without an admiring glance—and selecting a plain, possibly freckled, usually undersized, sometimes snub-nosed mate and who is acknowledged to be as unlike Venus as possible, but who can cook, do plain sewing, keep the house looking neat, and make life generally tolerable for her perspicacious discoverer. Did Venus do these things? History says naught on the subject, but the chances are she did not. If Venus had a husband he was a man to be pitied; and very likely his friends spoke of him as "that poor chap who married the Venus girl."



So when up bobs a London physical culturist one Doc. Muller, with the remark that "every woman can be a Venus," he gets us just as ex-

cited as though we had found a counterfeit nickel. In the first place every woman is a Venus—to somebody; that is, she has all the qualities of Venus, and many more. If Nature has not given her the *de Milo* figure, she need not worry. There will come along a youth who will cheerfully consent to see more virtues in her than Mr. Rodin perceives in the statue at the Louvre.



## MOVING DAY

"Gee, here comes the landlord to dispossess me!"

## The Bonehead Primer—III



Oh! See the man Har-an-gue!  
What is the man Har-an-guing?  
He Har-an-gues : "Sla-very should  
be A-bol-ifhed"  
WHAT !! Would he def-troy one  
of our most Cher-ish-ed Insti-tutions  
We should Take Draf-tic Meas-ures  
with such Har-an-guers.

## CROWDS AND THE UNVEILED SOUL

One night a Pin-Cushion which was laden with 2,304 Pins arose and secretly tossed all the Pins out of the window.

Then it walked out into the Street and, in ecstasy of the freedom from all those Pins, it turned its nude breast to the stars and the moon and the sanctifying dark.

Done with Pins forever, the Pin-Cushion rolled along bathing its new-born Self, which it had not seen for years, in the Wonder and the Mystery of Living.

But a Policeman on the corner arrested the Pin-Cushion for not Fulfilling its Proper Function in Life. It was adjudged insane by the courts and Sent Away.

## MODERN EDUCATION

"So your son could stay home only a couple of days. I suppose he is busy at college?"

"Yes. He's got to get back from the hockey team's western trip in time to pack his duds for the baseball team's southern trip."

## NO COMPLAINT

"Some day," cried the outraged poet, "you editors will fight for my work."

"All right," sighed the editor, resignedly. "I'll be a good sport if I get licked."

# THE SEVEN ARTS BY JAMES HUNEKER

The enjoyment of many worthy persons at a picture exhibition is too often marred because they fear being suspected old-fashioned when they admire a canvas not dated from yesterday. They like to be in the new "movement," and to prove their connoisseurship they scoff at Manet, and simply smile if you assure them that Alfred Stevens or Fortuny were great painters. No doubt they—and many young art students belong in their category—will carp at the retrospective show of the two brothers Harrison, Alexandre and Birge, which closed the season at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society. One of America's most distinguished painters, and peculiarly honored by the French Government, Alexandre Harrison, ranked once upon a time among the revolutionists. Now he is labeled a reactionary; nevertheless, he has painted a dozen pictures—landscapes, nudes, and marines—that will serve him with a passport to fame. The big canvas, "In Arcadia," lent by the Luxembourg Museum—as is his "Solitude"—was the sensation of the hour in Paris a quarter of a century ago. I well remember the names given the work by certain critics. Mr. Harrison was a pupil of Gerome and Cabanel, yet, in the modelling of the two beautiful girls of "Arcadia," there is little evidence of his two masters' teaching. Bastien Le Page, I should say, was more of an influence. The sunlight, the aerial envelope, and the radiance of the flesh were for those days daring technical transgressions. The academic world despised all *plein-airistes*, even when Bastien attempted a compromise between the old and the new, and became, in the bitter epigram of Degas, "the Bouguereau of the New Movement."

Well, if, as a painter, you scoff at the Harrison methods, just try to paint with the same solidity in modelling beauty of surface and breadth of style. A versatile artist, his interpretation of the sea won him fame from almost the first. "La Crepuscule" is here—lent by the Corcoran Gallery, Washington—and, while it will seem unduly sentimental to the new men, there is no mistaking its fidelity and sentiments. Waves, their shape and rhythms, are recorded. Over eighty canvases are on view, testimony to the ceaseless experimenting of Mr. Harrison. Several of his landscapes are as "modern" as to-morrow, and there is a Breton boy reading posters that is positively "dangerous" in its tendency. The truth is, a good picture is without date, and Mr. Harrison knows how to paint, without reference to schools or movements. Doubtless, the exhibition gave me pleasure for purely personal reasons. I was in Paris at the time the youthful Philadelphian was pushing into prominence. The "Batignolles school"—Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, and a few others—were the butt of critics and public. I recall a certain exhibition over which we held our sides with laughter. Oh! those insane impressionists! Yes, I'm not ashamed to avow it now, for I was then a Verdant Green of the purest water. A number of young chaps I knew were, as their personal temperaments dictated, admirers of Bonnat, Gerome, Duran—the fascinating, dashing Carolus—Laurens, Cabanel, and the fleshly Bouguereau. I remember our emotions when the portrait of President Thiers, by Leon Bonnat, was first shown. What bulk, what magisterial technique, what characterization! Alas! the last time I saw this once-celebrated picture it looked as if it had been painted with printer's ink at midnight in a dark room. Other times, other mimes.



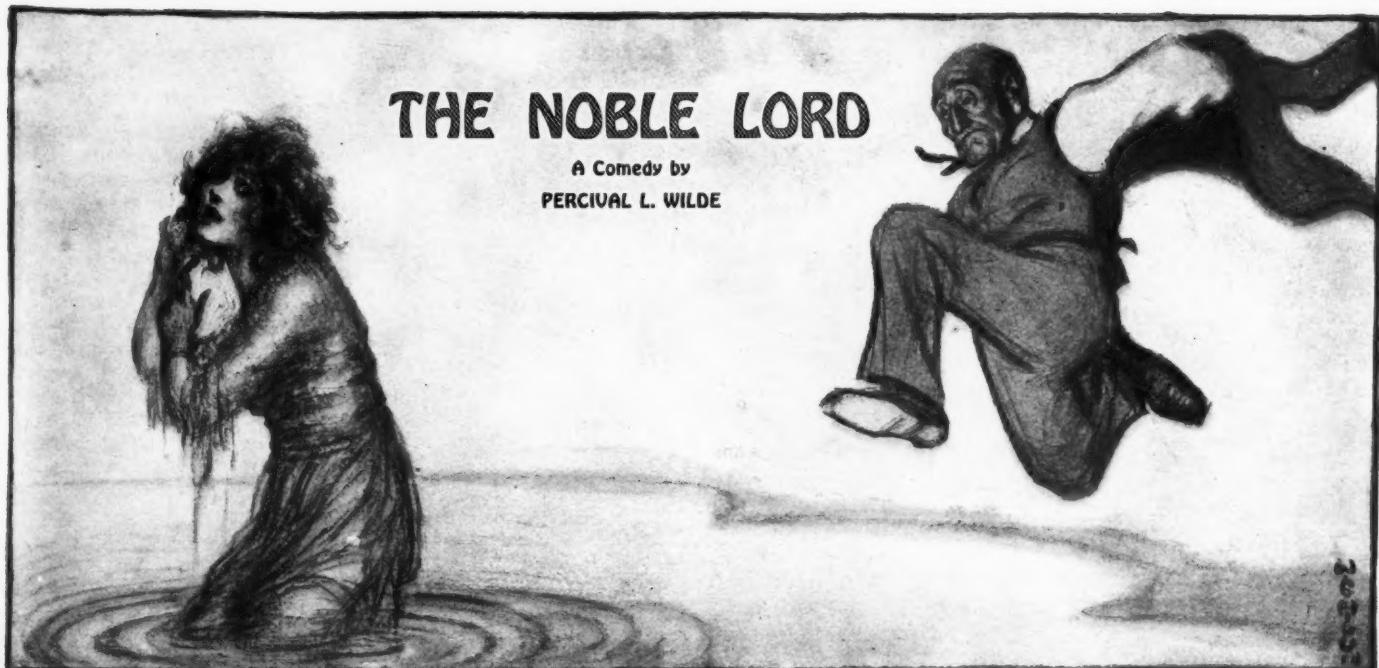
I spoke of Black and White last week. Our city is rich in etchings, engravings, lithographs—"the stone was made for the mystic" has said Joseph Pennell—and at the Print department of the Public Library, Keppel's, Kennedy's, Arthur Hahlos', you may enjoy an optical feast. At Hahlos' the new Zorn etchings attract. For the most part nudes, magnificently rendered, they show us the big-boned, robust, Swedish girls standing unafraid in the blazing sunshine. A young and talented pupil of Charles W. Mielatz, Levy by name, has "made good" his early promise, and made proud his admirable master. A one-man show is on at Keppel's—etchings by Ernest D. Roth—whose work reveals genuine force and individuality. His Venetian and Florentine plates are fascinating, none the less so because they betray hints of the mighty Whistler. But that is unescapable, for James of the "Five o'Clock" simply annexed Venice as his own, as Rembrandt gave us forever the classic type of the Dutch Jew.

The Whistler etching will soon be as rare as the fabled phoenix. Rapidly are vanishing the greatest plates. Collectors become more covetous with the passing of the years. Worse remains; for when these lucky persons die they usually bequeath their treasures in black and white to their families. They recall the thrice-selfish amateurs who put Stradivarius and Guarnerius fiddles under glass cases, while poor, but honest, fiddlers fairly starve to finger them. So it seems must be the fate of all precious things. There should be a law enacted to restrain these modern Fafners (the dragon in "Siegfried" bellowed "Ich lieg und besitz") from excluding the world from the enjoyment of their treasures. One day a year; a saturnalia of the lust of the eye fully gratified; a holy day for them that loveth the beautiful. Whistler is the very acme of the romantic in etching, as well as in paint. He lived in it, and if he began by imitating the turbid realism of Gustave Courbet, he soon spread wings and flew away to the land of porcelain and fireworks, flew to Japan. To pin him down to a comparison with any poet or composer would be useless, for he is as blithe as Mendelssohn, as subtle as Chopin, as swift and elfin as the German, and not without the morbidezza of the Pole. His etchings may be enjoyed after Rembrandt's; greater praise can't be given. His art is effortless; its primary concern is the notation of beauty. Consider his etched portrait of Stephane Mallarme, the symbolist poet (formerly of Paris, now residing in Parnassus, where they say that not even Euphues-Lyly, Marini, or Robert Browning understand his poetic speech). It is the man himself, not drawn, but evoked from the white paper, and all in a few, seemingly careless yet deeply significant strokes. Pictorial art this, raised to the pitch of music.

But what modern master of the needle can be compared with that sombre and incomparable genius, Rembrandt Van Rijn, whose family name was Harmancz, or Herrman? Whose plates can we study without feeling the sharp dissonance? Though James McNeill Whistler ranks immeasurably below the Amsterdam etcher, his genius is of such protean character, his eye so microscopically powerful, his line so personal, that you may leave Rembrandt, and powerfully as he has stirred you by his gloomy, emotional grandeur, you will still retain aesthetic surfaces free for reaction to the sensitive compelling touch of Whistler. And of what

(Continued on page 20)





**SCENE:** A secluded spot in the Maine woods in the neighborhood of a summer hotel. It is the middle of July. The trees are covered with foliage, a hot sun casts dancing shadows upon the mossy ground, and the air is full of the twittering of birds and the rustle of leaves. A winding path crosses from one side to the other, and near the center is a little clearing; the stump of a felled tree, with the lichen-covered trunk itself near it, and a patch of grassy turf. The eye cannot penetrate far through the riotously growing underbrush, but as she looks upwards, to the left, a thinning of foliage, allowing a glimpse of the sky, gives evidence of the near proximity of some small body of water.

AS THE CURTAIN RISES the scene is empty. There is only the song of birds, and the whisper of a gentle breeze. For a few seconds nothing else is heard. Then, suddenly, not far away, there is the sound of a splash, followed by the scream of a drowning woman—"Help! Help! Help!" There is a tremendous crashing through the underbrush, and another voice, very masculine, very English, shouts "Where are you? Where are you?" Rather indefinitely the first speaker answers "Here! Help! Help!" Another crashing through the underbrush, followed by a second splash, and presently, after a short pause, there enters upon the stage a tall, much bedraggled Englishman, bearing in his arms the motionless body of an extremely good-looking girl. Both of them are very wet, and a trail of water marks their progress across the scene. Reaching the clearing, the Englishman methodically deposits the girl on the ground, backs away a foot or so, and notices that his hands are wet. He reaches into a hip pocket and draws forth a handkerchief; the handkerchief is wetter than his hands. With a gesture of vexation he throws it away, and gives his attention to the girl. He looks at her quizzically; then, rather timidly, he kneels at her side, and lays his ear over her heart. He rises promptly with a satisfied nod, carefully removes his dripping coat, folds it neatly, and places it on the log. Again he kneels, this time with his knees on either side of the girl's waist, and laboriously begins to apply the Sylvester method, counting audibly as he does so. At "ten" he stops wearily, pauses, and again applies his ear to her heart. The result is evidently pleasing, and after a few more Sylvester movements, he begins to vary the procedure by removing her shoes and alternately chafing

**CHARACTERS:**

HE  
SHE  
PETERS

her hands and feet. Presently she sighs deeply. For the third time he pauses to listen to her heart. Slowly and deliberately her left arm rises to encircle his neck in a confiding clasp. He sits back on his haunches, politely surprised.

SHE (*faintly*): Mother! Mother, dear!  
HE: Eh?  
SHE: Mother, dear, I'm so glad—  
HE (*interrupting energetically*): Really, I beg your pardon—  
SHE (*continuing without a break*): I'm so glad you've come.  
HE: Ah, yes— Quite so.  
SHE: Kiss me, mother.  
HE (*trying to rise*): Eh? (*She does not release him*).  
SHE: Kiss me, mother.  
HE: But I'm not your mother, you know.



She

SHE (*plaintively*): Won't you kiss me, mother?  
HE: (*Looks around furtively. Then he obliges her*)  
SHE: Ah! That's so nice. (*She pauses. Shudders.*) Hold me close, mother, hold me close. I've had such a terrible dream!  
HE: Good Heavens! You're not dreaming now—  
SHE: I dreamt—I dreamt— (*He has raised her to a sitting position. She stops abruptly. Looks about.*) Where—where am I?  
HE (*surprised*): Don't you know?  
SHE: No.  
HE (*in a matter-of-fact tone*): We are about half a mile away from the Poland Springs Hotel, Poland Springs, Maine.  
SHE (*vaguely*): Oh! (*She pauses.*) And you, how do you come here?  
HE: Strolling.  
SHE: Strolling?  
HE: I reached the hotel this morning. It was hot—beastly hot. I went for a walk in the woods.  
SHE: And then?  
HE: I beg your pardon?  
SHE: What happened then? How did we meet?  
HE: Don't you know?  
SHE: I remember nothing—I'm confused. (*She tries to get up, but sits on the log with a little exclamation.*) My shoes—where are my shoes?  
HE (*fetching them*): Here they are.  
SHE: Thank you. (*She looks at them.*) Those aren't my shoes!  
HE (*politely*): No?  
SHE: They're wet.  
HE (*nodding*): They would be.  
SHE: But they're not mine.  
HE (*shrugging his shoulders*): I found them on your feet.  
SHE (*confused*): On my feet?  
HE: Yes. (*An afterthought.*) One on each.  
SHE: Oh! (*Tries to put them on.*) I can't get them on.  
HE: No?  
SHE: Will you help me? (*He assists her; she feels her clothes and exclaims.*) Oh!  
HE: Did I hurt you?  
SHE (*astonished*): My clothes are wet!  
HE (*thoughtfully*): Yes.  
SHE: How funny! (*Noticing him.*) And you—you're wet also!  
HE (*nodding*): Soaked.

SHE: What a coincidence! How curious! How did it happen? (She pauses.) Oh, if I could only think! Think! (He rises, and waits politely.) Tell me; you must know.

HE: Well, I was strolling through the woods. I heard a splash—

SHE (interrupting): A splash! Oh, don't say any more; I remember! That horrible lake! Horrible! It was so warm at the hotel; I had gone off to the woods. I was sitting at the edge of the lake—on a rock—reading. I must have been sleepy. I fell in.

HE: Then you screamed.

SHE: Yes; I was drowning! Drowning! I called for help!

HE: I heard you.



He

Never! Never! Not if I live to be a thousand years old! (She kisses him.)

HE (calmly): That's the second time.

SHE: The second time?

HE (nodding): I kissed you before.

SHE: Oh! (Releasing him quickly.) You didn't!

HE: Yes, I did.

SHE: While I was unconscious?

HE: Precisely.

SHE: Oh, how could you do such a thing? How could you?

He (Taking up his coat.) It was by request. (Takes cigarette case from pocket.)

SHE (incredulously): I asked you?

HE: You said "Mother! Mother! Kiss me!" (Takes cigarette from case. Pleased to see that it is dry. Puts it between his lips.)

SHE: I said that?

HE: They were your first words. (Produces match-safe from trouser pocket.)

SHE: But you didn't have to kiss me.

HE: No? (Trying to strike a match. It is wet. So are the others.)

SHE: You didn't have to!

HE: I tried to explain that I was not your mother, but you seemed to know better. (He throws the cigarette away.) You insisted. I couldn't help it.

SHE (after a pause, coquettishly): What do you mean; you couldn't "help it"?

HE (perfectly willing to flirt): You know—(he hesitates).

SHE (encouragingly): Yes?

HE: You're a pretty girl—a deucedly pretty girl.

SHE: Oh, no!

HE: But you are, honor bright!

SHE: You really think so?

HE (nods): There was no one around. It was the kind of an opportunity which does not present itself every day; life is so monotonous. And you didn't seem to object.

SHE (coyly): I couldn't very well—not while I was unconscious.

HE: That's so. I am a man, with a man's tastes. And you begged me so hard—it was so inviting—Well, I kissed you.

(after a pause): On the lips?

HE: Yes. On the lips.

(after a pause): How often?

HE: Eh?

SHE: How often did you kiss me?

HE: Only once.

SHE: Was that all?

HE (with a smile): Why, it's hardly worth mentioning.

SHE (going to him, and taking his hands magnanimously): Well, I forgive you.

HE: Thank you.

SHE (invitingly): Two kisses is not a great deal for saving my life.

HE: No?

SHE: I owe you much more than that!

HE (standing motionless): Really?

SHE (with her lips half an inch from his): Really! (A pause.) Really! (He does not kiss her. She gives it up. Sits on the log, drawing him to her side.) You must tell me all about yourself. Just think—if it hadn't been for you I would be at the bottom of the lake now. What a horrible tragedy that would have been; to die in such a way. (She pauses.) It's natural that I should want to know something about the man who saved me from that—

HE (with embarrassment): I don't like to talk about myself—

SHE (interrupting encouragingly): You're still a young man, aren't you?

HE: Thirty-one.

SHE (laying her hand on his): Are you?

HE (nodding): Last November.

SHE (lying with the insouciance of expertness): I'm just twenty. (He nods his head, without showing the least sign of disbelief.) Eleven years between us.

HE: Just the right ages, aren't we?

SHE (leaving her hand where it is): Do you think so?



"Kiss Me, Mother!"

HE: Eleven years difference—ideal!

SHE: Ten and a half.

HE: Eh?

SHE: I was born in June.

HE: Oh, were you? (Sagely.) That's better yet.

SHE: Do you think so—

Lord Brookfield?

HE (surprised—or simulating it effectively): Eh?

SHE: Lord Brookfield!

HE: How on earth did you know it?

SHE (with a laugh): Oh, I am not so stupid as all that!

HE: You recognized me?

SHE: No. I have never seen you.

HE: A photo?

SHE: No.

HE: Then how did you know—

SHE (interrupting): Lord Brookfield is a well-known man. The papers said he was coming to the hotel. I knew every other guest—

HE: But three or four others arrived this morning.

SHE: Americans.

HE: Oh!

SHE: You are English. I could see that right away.

HE (after a pause): How clever of you?

SHE: Oh, Lord Brookfield!

HE: And how curious that I should meet you in this way—informal, so to speak.

SHE (laughing): Odd wasn't it? (She rises.)

Ugh! How my clothes are sticking to me!

HE: That's so. You had better change.

SHE: And you?

HE: I'm rather wet myself.

SHE: Will you take me back to the hotel?

HE: The sun is very hot here.

SHE (instantly changing): Oh, would you rather stay?

HE (does not answer for a few seconds. Then, a little abruptly): Tell me, can you swim?

SHE (startled): Eh?

HE: Can you swim?

SHE: Lord Brookfield? Of course I can't!

HE: That's curious.

SHE: Curious?

HE: Neither can I.

SHE (staggered, but returning to the attack with magnificent self-possession): Oh, but you swam splendidly! Clothes and all! All the way from the other side of the lake.

HE: Did I?

SHE: Of course you did! One plunge, and a few magnificent overhand strokes—

(She notices his peculiar expression, and hesitates.)

HE (thoughtfully): Plunge?

SHE: Why, certainly.

HE (shaking his head): I would have sworn I waded.

(Continued on page 21)



Peters

Puck



It is to be noted that the bright side of things has not yet gone out of business.

Mr. H. G. S. Noble the new president of the New York Stock Exchange is a graduate of the famous Public School No. 35 and of the College of the City of New York. His classmates recall that he had a keen sense of humor combined with a profound knowledge of Herbert Spencer, two possessions that may stand him in good stead as head and front of the present oft-assailed association of brokers.

A stock of unsold long-term bonds is a desirable article to have on hand with which to bolster up short-term notes.

We are not, generally speaking, regarded as slow in the execution of work and therefore it seems somewhat surprising to discover in respect to the census of manufacturers gathered every fifth year that the final report for 1900 was printed late in December 1913, being completed just in time to begin the new canvass which covers the year 1914.

One of the curious features in respect to Mexico is its effect upon the surface railroads of New York City. Both Third Avenue and Interboro responded bullishly to the news reporting the fall of Tampico.

It is intimated that Northern Pacific is about to issue a new and extensive blanket mortgage. The amount according to a more or less definite story, is to be in the neighborhood of \$300,000,000. Of course, not all of this huge sum is to be put in service at once. The initial requirements are approximately \$25,000,000. Of this sum \$10,000,000 will be used to pay off an issue of short-term notes due July 9th. The rest is to go into improvements and extensions now under construction.

Northern Pacific's exhibit during the last few years is interesting. In January, 1907, it increased its capital stock from \$155,000,000 to \$250,000,000 which advanced its annual dividend requirements from \$10,850,000 to \$17,360,000. The interest on its bonded indebtedness has not varied greatly in the last eight years. In 1910 its gross earnings reached the high level of seventy-four and one-half millions, but the following year they decreased almost ten millions, dropped another million and a half in 1912 but in 1913 rose again to seventy-two and one-half millions. The road seems to have been well looked after, the outlay for maintenance of way, structure and equipment ranging from thirteen to eighteen millions per year. Back in 1906, the net result showed fourteen and one-half per cent. earned on the stock. Latterly, however, this feature of the annual report has been less satisfactory. In 1912, the result showed 7.93 per cent. and in 1913, 8.39 per cent. from which 7 per cent. was drawn and paid out in dividends.

Albert Ullman.

## THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 17)

other modern dare one make such an assertion? Whistler is seldom, if ever, dramatic; that region is fenced off by his temperament. Rembrandt's is the profounder nature; nimbler the wit of Whistler. And there are the butterfly evasiveness, the half-hinted revelations of tender beauty, the rapid elliptic style, the tantalizing, almost furtive lifting of the curtain upon dream-like landscapes. Ah! Whistler, too, is a wizard of acid and needle.

It was George Moore who said that if Whistler had boasted more avoirdupois he might look more like Velasquez than he thought he did. ("Why drag in Velasquez?" was the imperturbable retort of the painter.) If he had possessed the mystic and glowing imagination of the great Dutchman he might have been his equal as an etcher. But why discuss improbabilities! Whistler, the gracious, versatile etcher; Whistler, the embodiment of virtuosity, though no mere rhetorical skimmer in the empty blue; Whistler, the discoverer of a new way of seeing the world (partly aided thereunto by the Japanese); this man of naive and piercing vision was individual with a fulness that makes his case a rare one. He saw Whistler-wise, and Whistler-like he recorded what he saw. His etchings are things of beauty and a joy forever—that is until the greedy amateur has swallowed them all up, leaving for the poor public nothing save reproductions more or less unsatisfactory.

Rembrandt anticipated modern etching, just as he summed up in his work whatever had preceded him. The seer in him has not yet been outshone. Like certain pages of Johann Sebastian Bach, his plates are at once the envy and despair of succeeding generations. It was once a custom for aesthetic critics to compare Bach with Albrecht Durer—both were of Hungarian origin, and not many generations apart, but Bach is now regarded as a romantic, despite his contrapuntal genius; he anticipated modern music, while Rembrandt is the very Wotan of pictorial romanticism. Indeed, as Stendhal asked: "Wasn't all romantic art once classic?"

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B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U.S.A. 4-30-07) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 the Suit.

The  
B. V. D. Company,  
NEW YORK.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

## THE NOBLE LORD

(Continued from page 19)

SHE (*laughing uneasily*): You are really too modest, Lord Brookfield.

HE: Let's see. (*He picks up his coat and shakes it out.*) Of course, I might have swum, but — Ah! the water-line comes only as far as the waist!

SHE: That means nothing.

HE: No? (*Feeling his head.*) If I had plunged my hair would have been wet.

SHE: It dried in the sun.

HE: Ah, yes! But my cigarettes? (*Taking one from the case.*)

SHE: The case is waterproof.

HE: Still, the matches are wet. (*Producing the box from his trousers pocket, and trying to strike one.*) You see?

SHE (*with a forced laugh*): Lord Brookfield, don't deny that you saved my life!

HE: That is what I am trying to do.

SHE (*frigidly*): I beg your pardon?

HE: I jumped in without thinking. It was the natural thing to do — I heard you scream for help. But the moment the water came to my waist I knew that if it went any deeper I should have to call for help also.

SHE: Well?

HE: I was saved that humiliation. The pond isn't over three feet deep in any place. And I waded the whole twenty feet from one end to the other — And I can't swim.

SHE: But I was drowning! Drowning!

HE (*politely*): Are you in the habit of drowning often?

SHE (*rising indignantly*): Lord Brookfield!

HE: I nearly forgot to mention —

SHE: What?

HE: That I saw you jump in.

SHE: Oh!

HE: It was pleasant while it lasted, wasn't it? And romantic! Why, romantic doesn't begin to describe it! (*Imitating*): "Mother, kiss me!"

SHE: Oh, how can you!

HE: Unconscious — helpless — and you didn't remember? Not even the shoes. That was clever — very clever! And the hands trying to pull you down to the bottom; that was the touch of genius! (*He pauses with a smile.*) Ah, well, I was willing to have a little fun. (*A man is heard whistling a popular song in the distance. He listens attentively.*)

SHE (*after a pause*): You played with me — played with me! Oh, you're disgusting! Revolting! What a thing for a man to do! I thought — (*She breaks off.*)

HE (*encouraging her to continue*): Yes?

SHE: Nothing — (*Then, seeing no reason to restrain herself*): I thought Lord Brookfield was a gentleman!

HE: Oh, but I'm not.

SHE: Not a gentleman?

HE: No — I'm not Lord Brookfield.

SHE: Not Lord Brookfield?

HE: No.

SHE: Then who on earth are you?

HE (*sweetly*): I? I'm a friend of his.

SHE: A friend?

HE: A close friend — very close.

SHE: Who? Who?

HE (*leisurely*): I'm not related, but I see a lot of him. We're thick — very thick.

SHE (*impatiently*): Who are you?

HE (*simply*): I'm his valet.

SHE (*horrified*): Oh! — And you kissed me! A valet! You dared kiss me!

HE: At your request.

SHE (*almost choking with rage*): But a valet!

HE: I'm a good valet. One of the best there is.

SHE: Your insolence! Oh! (*She seizes the handkerchief which he has left on the log, and wipes her mouth furiously.*)

HE: My handkerchief.

SHE (*throwing it to the ground*): Oh, you coward! You — You — (*The whistle is heard again.*)

HE (*earnestly*): Listen to me.

SHE: I don't want to talk to you!

HE: I'll help you.

SHE (*rising*): I don't want your help.

HE (*bluntly*): Then you're silly.

SHE (*wheeling furiously*): How dare you —

HE: I'll make a bargain with you.

SHE (*scornfully*): What dealings can there be between us?

HE: Did you hear the whistling a minute ago?

SHE: Well?

HE (*with meaning*): That's Brookfield.

SHE (*after a pause*): Well?

HE: The path leads here. He is following it.

SHE (*after still another pause*): Well?

HE: You and I might be very good friends —

SHE (*thoughtfully*): Oh, you mean —

HE: A valet is not paid very well —

SHE: No — Still —

HE: If anything comes of it —

SHE (*slowly*): Comes of what?

HE: You understand me. (*He pauses; smiles.*) Then, in a Mephistophelian manner): Your clothes are still wet, aren't they?

SHE (*with full comprehension*): Yes —

HE: Enough said. (*The whistle is heard, close at hand.*) Quick!

SHE: You won't tell? (*He shakes his head.*) I'll remember you. (*She runs off.*)

HE (*sits on the log, laughs heartily. Then, as another man enters whistling gayly, he addresses him sharply*): Peters!

PETERS (*surprised*): M'lord?

HE: Give me a light, Peters.

PETERS: Yes, m'lord. (*Produces match, etc.*)

HE: Thanks. (*He blows a few whiffs.*) Peters, you're a brave man, aren't you?

PETERS (*modestly*): I am 'andy with me fists, m'lord.

HE: That's not quite what I mean, Peters — (*He pauses.*) Peters, you have the making of a hero in you. Something tells me that you're going to have your chance. (*There is a loud splash from the same direction as before, followed by screams of "Help!"*)

PETERS (*with excitement*): M'lord!

HE (*quietly*): Yes, Peters?

PETERS: Somebody's calling for 'elp, m'lord!

HE: Yes, Peters.

PETERS: Shall I go, m'lord?

HE: Yes, Peters — Gallop!

PETERS (*charges wildly into the shrubbery, shouting*): H' I'm coming! H' I'm coming!

## America's Telephones Lead the World Service Best—Cost Lowest

from "London Daily Mail"

Why is it that Government ownership and management of the telephones is practically always a failure?

Why is it that throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain and the Continent hardly a single efficient long-distance service is to be found? Wh

from "Electrical Industries" (London)

THERE is a certain amount of satisfaction in the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill got so angry over the freaks of the telephone the other day that he flung his receiver on the floor. As a member of the Government which purchased the telephone system, he deserves all the torture that Post Office working can inflict. But his rage, like that

From "Le Petit Phare de Nantes," Paris

"But today I found I had to talk with Saint-Malo, and, wishing to be put through quickly, I had my name inscribed on the waiting list first thing in the morning; the operator told me — though very amiably, I must confess — that I would have to wait thirteen hours and ten minutes (you are reading it right) in order to be put through."

Herr Wendel, in the German Diet.

"I refer here to Freiberg. There the entire telephone service is interrupted at 9 o'clock p. m. Five minutes after 9 o'clock it is impossible to obtain a telephone connection."

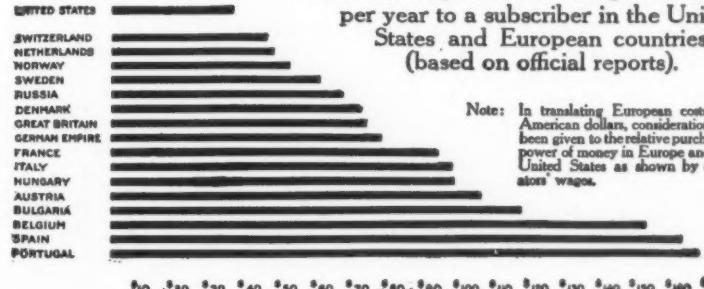
Herr Haberland, Deputy, in the Reichstag

"The average time required to get a connection with Berlin is now 1½ hours. Our business life and trade suffer considerably on account of this lack of telephone facilities, which exists not only between Dusseldorf and Berlin and between Berlin and the West, but also between other towns, such as Strassburg, Antwerp, etc."

Dr. R. Luther, in the Dresdner Anzeiger

"In the year 1913, 36 years after the discovery of the electro-magnetic telephone, in the age of the beginning of wireless telegraphy, one of the largest cities of Germany, Dresden, with half a million inhabitants, is without adequate telephone facilities."

## Real Average Cost of Telephone Service per year to a subscriber in the United States and European countries (based on official reports).



Note: In translating European costs into American dollars, consideration has been given to the relative purchasing power of money in Europe and the United States as shown by operators' wages.

These are the reasons why there are twelve times as many telephones for each hundred persons in the United States as in Europe.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

## PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

(Continued from page 10)

misleading, while if ever anyone put the scythe stroke—not a horizontal swing—onto his ball, that man is surely James Braid. Probably Mr. Weir never saw Braid play. This stroke bears no resemblance to the upright swing. The secret of the great run of his ball is that his swing is what is commonly called flat, and very often across the ball.

Mr. Weir says: "The distinction between 'ascending' and 'descending' blows in golf is nowhere explained in the book before us, although it is a vital distinction that greatly simplifies the game when fully grasped; the next great man who writes a book should devote an early chapter to it." The whole matter is most fully and thoroughly dealt with in the "Soul of Golf," and, as a matter of practical golf, there is no necessity whatever to deal with the ascending blow, for the ascending blow is not good golf, nor was it ever meant to be played on a golf ball. It is inadvertently and wrongly played by beginners, children, and "dubs."



VARDON, DUNCAN AND BRAID ALL USE THE PERPENDICULAR SWING

The descending blow, or "push shot," as it is commonly called, is very fully described in "Modern Golf," and "The Soul of Golf," but, strictly speaking, there should be no such thing as an ascending blow in golf. The ordinary drive at golf should be made with a club which is traveling as nearly as may be in a horizontal line at the moment of impact. Any attempt whatever to consider an ascending blow as a fundamental portion of golf is a grave and serious error, which makes me sadly doubt the encomiums of the editor about his learned reviewer.

Which serves to remind me that Mr. Weir, when Mr. Behr was editor for the "Golf Magazine," tried to show that I did not know the difference between the ascending and the descending blows, but was careful to make a bargain with Mr. Behr before he did so that I should not be allowed to reply to him. Now, I may say, "right here," that during all the time I have been in America I have been treated with the most delightful courtesy and in the most sportsmanlike manner possible, but I could not refrain from saying to Mr. Behr: "Do you really think that is golf, old chap? Doesn't it seem to you a bit like 'Hold him down while I kick his head'?" And I shall do Mr. Behr the credit to say that his expressive countenance fully signified that he realized the force of my remarks, even if he did not verbally coincide therewith.

Now, I think that I have done more in the way of publicity for Mr. Behr than any other paper in New York, and I can promise that in the future I shall be equally generous to him whenever I see anything in his magazine which is likely, in my opinion, to prejudice the game of golf or the game of the individual. I am glad to say that I am not in golf for the money I make out of it, although I believe it is an indisputable fact that I make more out of it than any other writer in the world, and that to the American editor should be some solid argument in favor of making one's first idea service to the game.

It is, perhaps, a mistake to give one's competitors any "points," and if I regarded it as purely a business proposition it is the greatest certainty in the world that I should not do so, but it is always a matter of amusement to me to pick up magazine after magazine, paper after paper, which allege on their covers that they are devoted to golf, and to find therein no golf. This, I am pleased to say, is not always so. I recently picked up a copy of "The Golfers Magazine" and took a preliminary glance at its pages. It was full of golf. That is the only excuse for the existence of a golf monthly. We get the news and the gossip "piping hot" each day. At the end of a month we want something more than "cold hash."

Golf is a game that demands above all the extreme of mechanical accuracy. It is therefore necessary for those who desire to excel to study

it and to be correctly informed. So long as Mr. Behr and I can co-operate on these lines, we shall co-operate; when we cannot—well, one of us must be wrong. The Idiot must decide who it is.

### FEED THE BRUTE

MISS SENTIMENTAL: Man is so changeable.  
MRS. BILTON: Yes, dear. Before marriage he talks to you about his heart. Afterward, it's his stomach he talks about.

In writing to advertisers, say "I saw it in *Puck*."

### GOOD REASON

INDIGNANT POLITICIAN: Why didn't you print all of my speech?

COUNTRY EDITOR: Well, to tell the truth, boss, we ran clean out of capital I's.

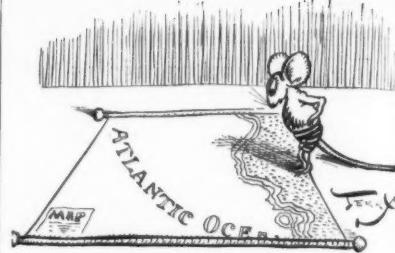
Automobile Eye Insurance needed after Exposure to Sun, Winds and Dust. Murine Eye Remedy freely applied affords Reliable Relief. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort—Try Murine.

### HER REASON

"Why did she break her engagement?"  
"Why, he sent her typewritten love-letters, 'dictated but not read'."

In these days we don't care whether we love our neighbors or not, so long as we can keep up with them.

The inevitable is the unexpected after it's happened.



### AN OCEAN DIP

THE BATHER: It looks awful cold to me, but here goes!

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

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Box A2 Puck, 301 Lafayette St., New York

## BACK-TO-THE-LANDITIS

### Early Stages

SYMPTOMS.—Restlessness. Tendency to converse about the high cost of living and the artificiality of city life.

TREATMENT.—Visits to the country during cold weather, but such trips should be avoided during the spring and early summer, as they aggravate the disease.

### Onset of the Disease

SYMPTOMS.—Increased restlessness. Extreme excitability at the mention of apples, eggs, vegetables, and chickens, especially the latter. Patient frequently takes to reading farm advertisements in the newspapers, and sometimes insists on introducing hen or garden literature into the house, thus spreading the infection.

TREATMENT.—If a true case of back-to-the-landitis, no treatment will avail, as the disease must run its course. All irritating sights and conversations should be avoided, however, and the patient's mind diverted, in the hope that the infection is slight, or that the symptoms have another cause. How the disease may be aggravated at this stage is shown by the sad case of Mr. B. At breakfast this subject remarked that the eggs were poor. Mrs. B., unaware of his infection, thoughtlessly replied that they ought to be good, as they cost seventy-five cents the dozen. At this B. seized an old envelope, and on its back produced the following:

Eggs per year from 5,000 hens, at 200 per year per hen . . . . .	1,000,000 eggs
Dozens per year . . . . .	83,333 dozen
Sales at 75 cents the dozen . . . . .	\$62,499
Cost of feeding 5,000 hens at \$1 per year per hen . . . . .	5,000
Annual profit for 5,000 hens . . . . .	\$57,499

After this B.'s case was hopeless. He bought a farm, an incubator, brooders, disinfectants, powders, testers, prepared foods, patented nests, shells, bone, serum secrets, water-tanks, milk-tanks, hoppers, feeders, hangers, sprayers, sprinklers. Then he bought new style incubators, new style brooders, improved disinfectants, improved powders, new testers, super-prepared foods, new style nests, extra fine shells and bone, seven hundred secrets, sanitary water-tanks and milk-tanks, sanitary hoppers, feeders, hangers, sprayers, and sprinklers. Up to date he has accumulated three hundred hens, an overdue account at the feed-store, and proficiency in profanity.

### Period of Prostration—Possible Cure

SYMPTOMS.—The period of prostration appears as soon as a farm has been purchased. At first the pocket-book is attacked and succumbs, after which prostration becomes general.

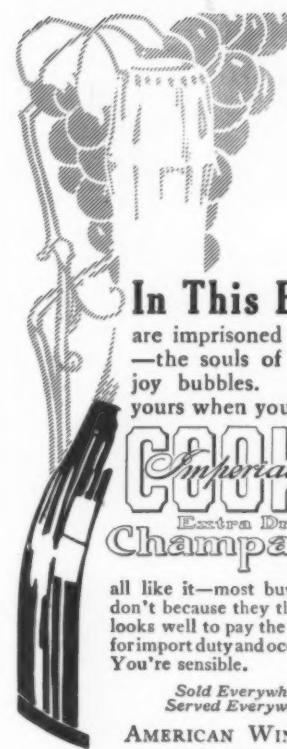
TREATMENT.—If the patient survives the period of prostration the subsequent treatment is simple and effective. As soon as it is certain that the pocket-book prostration is complete, employ a farm real-estate agent to write a description of the place for purposes of selling. Let the patient read this description. It may kill him, but if he has a sense of humor it will save his life.



### STEALING HER STUFF

"Hurry, Mame, an' make a good copy  
'fore the guy comes out an' chases us!"

In writing to advertisers, say "I saw it in Puck."



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all like it—most buy it—some don't because they think that it looks well to pay the extra price for import duty and ocean freight. You're sensible.

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Served Everywhere

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ST. LOUIS



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when they provide patrons with the best in everything.

**Evans Ale**



is the best means of showing that YOU do. It helps to bring trade and success to Summer Resorts.

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**RHEUMATISM**  
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One Year \$5 Canadian \$5.50 Foreign \$6

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is the only beer—sold  
nation wide—that you  
can be sure comes to you  
as pure and healthful as  
when it left the brewery  
—the Brown Bottle does it

Order a Case Today  
*See that Crown is branded "Schlitz."*

*Schlitz*  
The Beer  
That Made Milwaukee Famous.